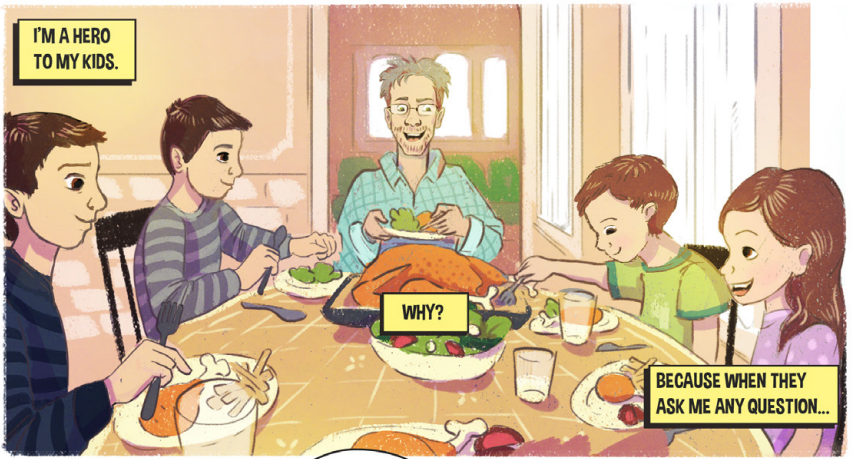


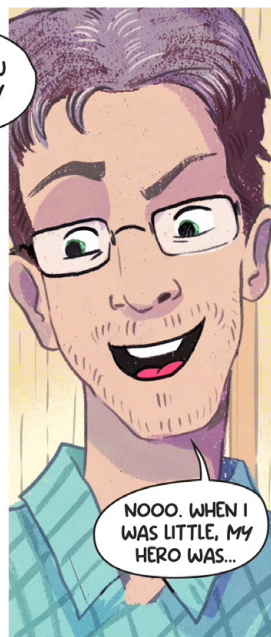


TELL US A
CHILDHOOD
STORY

BY BRYAN CAPLAN





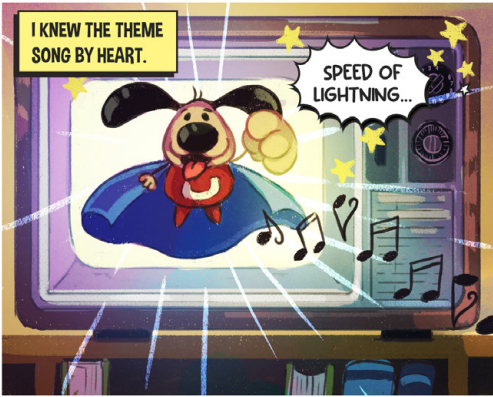
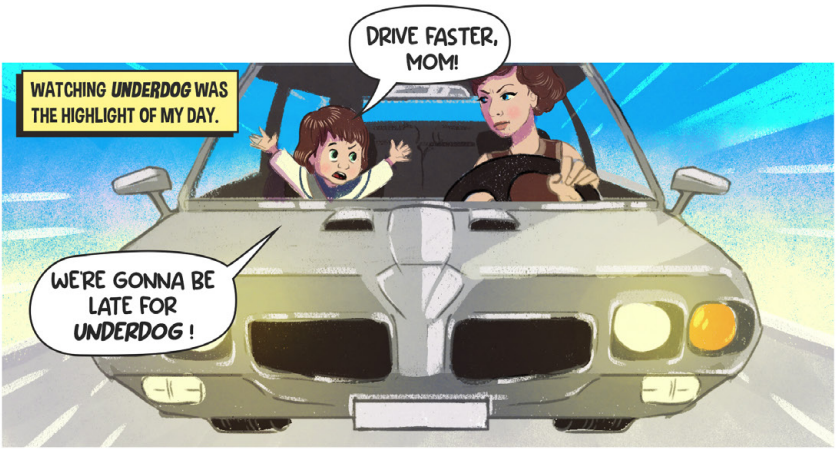


UNDERDOG!



**HE WAS LIKE
SUPERMAN, BUT
A TALKING DOG.**





LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE END. BUT DON'T MISS OUR NEXT UNDERDOG SHOW!

EXCEPT ONE DAY, THE NARRATOR SAID SOMETHING DOUBLY MAGICAL.

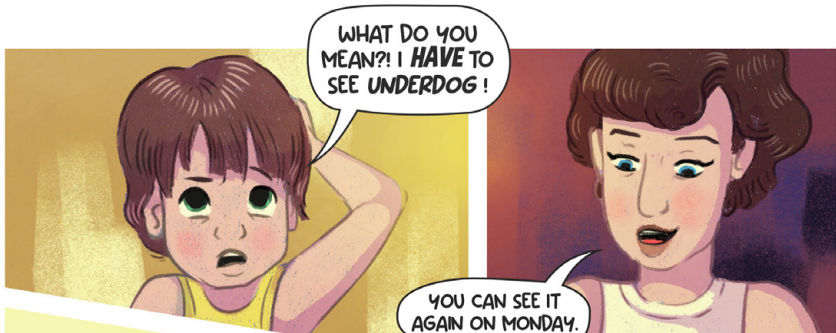
IS THIS THE END OF UNDERDOG? FIND OUT IN TOMORROW'S EXCITING CONCLUSION OF THIS TWO-PART EPISODE!


MOM, TOMORROW'S A TWO-PART EPISODE!!!

OOH, ABOUT THAT, BRYAN.

TOMORROW WE HAVE TO DRIVE YOUR BROTHER GREGORY TO HIS T-BALL MEET.


I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO MISS UNDERDOG.





WAAAAHH!
WAAAAHH!!!
WAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

COME ON. WHAT
WOULD UNDERDOG
THINK?!



CALM DOWN, BRYAN.
DONT YOU CRY.
UNDERDOG SHALL
RETURN BYE AND BYE.





SHUT UP,
UNDERDOG!!!

SLAM!

I RAN TO MY ROOM IN TEARS...

AND RAGE.

KNOWING ONE THING ALONE.



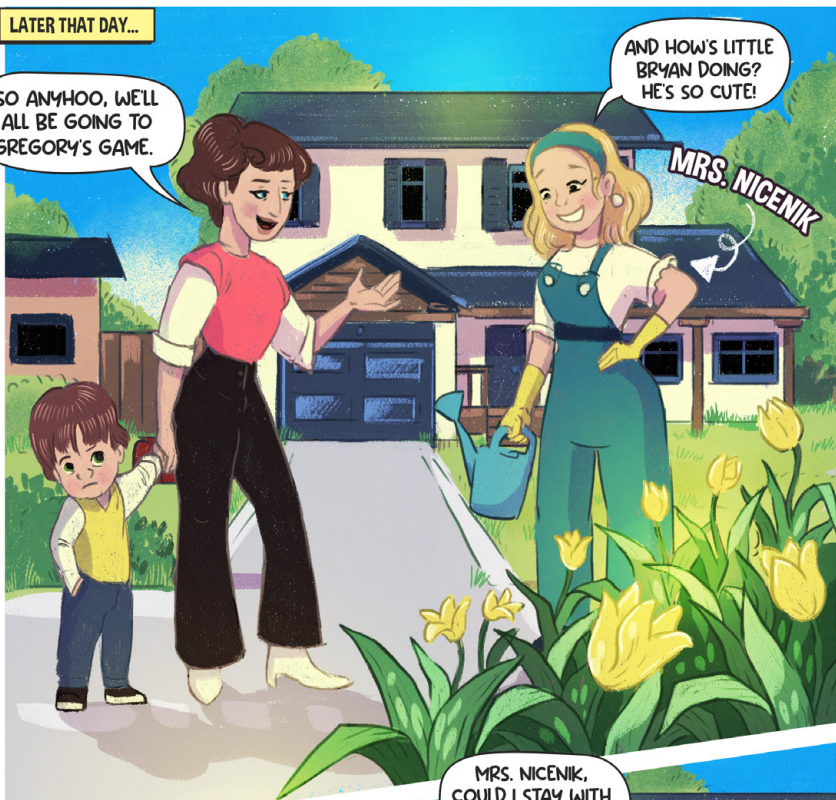
THERE IS A WAY TO
WATCH UNDERDOG -
AND I, BRYAN CAPLAN,
SHALL FIND IT!

LATER THAT DAY...

SO ANYHOO, WE'LL ALL BE GOING TO GREGORY'S GAME.

AND HOW'S LITTLE BRYAN DOING? HE'S SO CUTE!

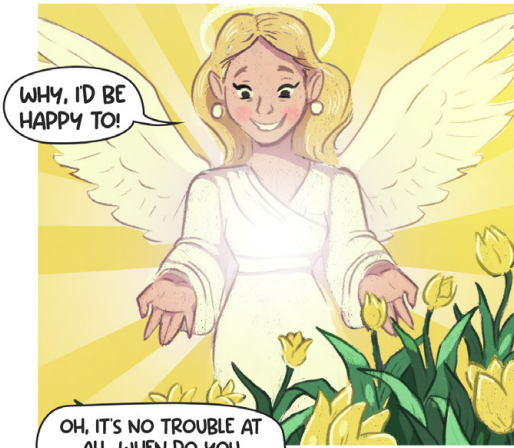
MRS. NICENIK



MRS. NICENIK, COULD I STAY WITH YOU TOMORROW AFTERNOON?

LIFE FINDS A WAY!





WHY, I'D BE HAPPY TO!

OH, IT'S NO TROUBLE AT ALL. WHEN DO YOU WANT TO DROP HIM OFF?



OH, WE COULDN'T IMPOSE!



WELL...



I SUPPOSE I COULD DROP HIM OFF AT 1 BEFORE WE LEAVE.



MAYBE 12:50 WOULD BE BETTER?



BWA HA HA HA HA! BWA HA HA HA HA!

EVERYTHING FELL INTO PLACE.



I'LL BE DROPPING YOU OFF AT MRS. NICENIK'S AT 12:50.

MOM WALKED ME OVER RIGHT ON TIME.



OH GOODIE, I GET TO TAKE CARE OF THIS SWEET LITTLE LAMB THIS AFTERNOON!

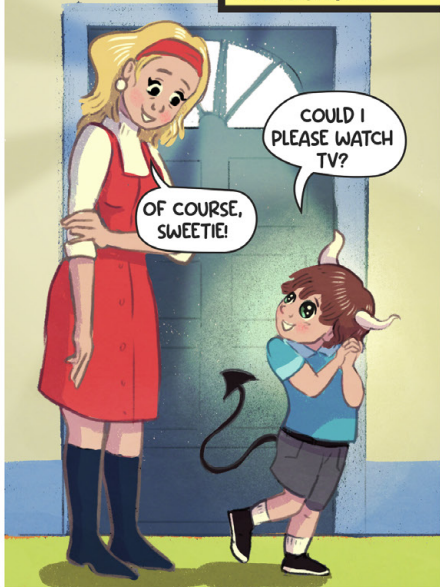
WE SAID GOODBYE.



BYE, ANN! WISH GREGORY GOOD LUCK!

BYE, MOM!

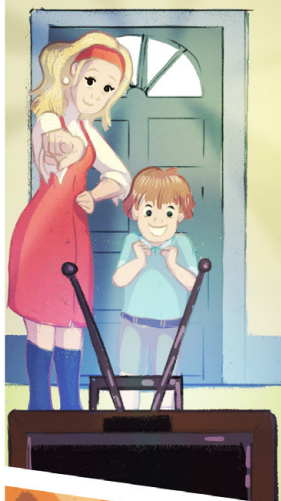
AS SOON AS THE DOOR CLOSED, I INITIATED PHASE B OF MY MASTER PLAN.



COULD I PLEASE WATCH TV?

OF COURSE, SWEETIE!

SHE POINTED ME TO THEIR TV.



I CHECKED THE CLOCK.
RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.



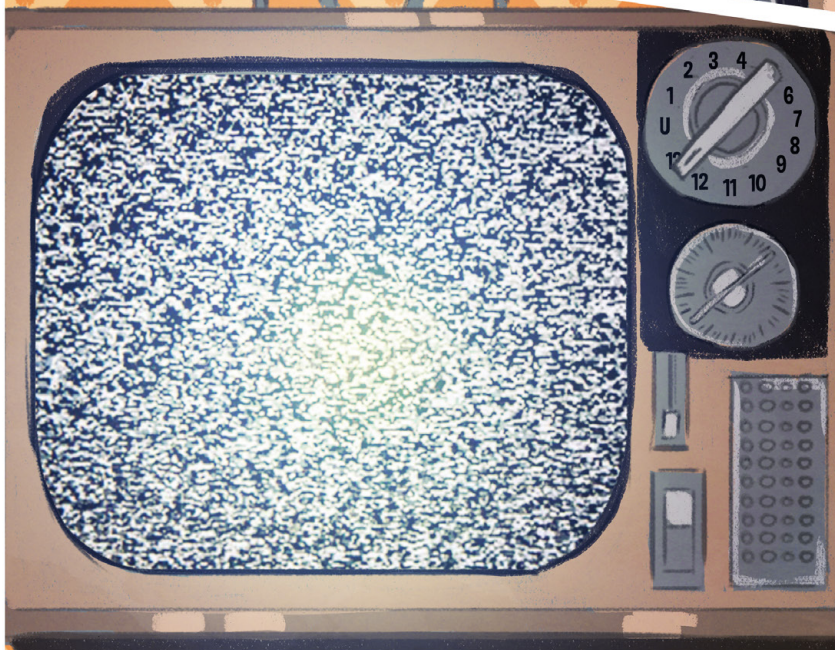
I TURNED THE TV ON...



AND SWITCHED TO
CHANNEL 13.



AND GAZED IN HORROR.



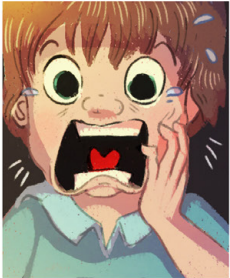
I FRANTICALLY RAN TO MRS. NICENIK.

HOW DO YOU GET CHANNEL 13 ON YOUR TV?!



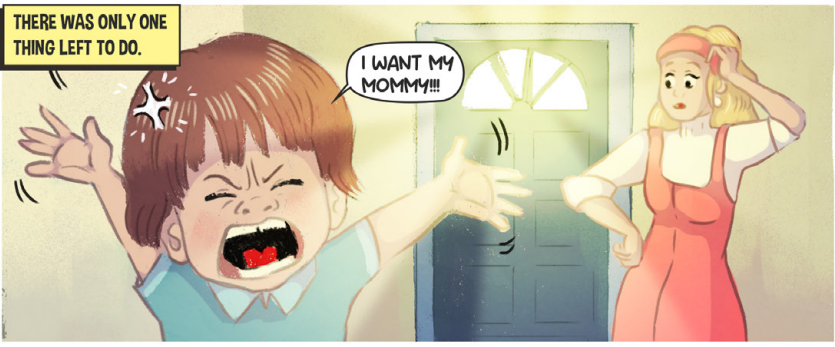
OH, I'M SORRY, WE DONT GET CHANNEL 13.

STUPID, WORTHLESS MRS. NICENIK!

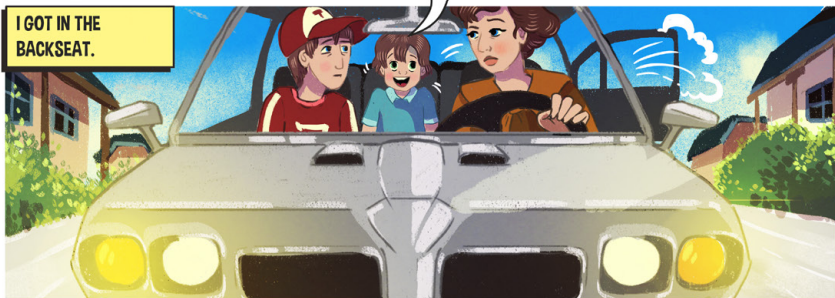
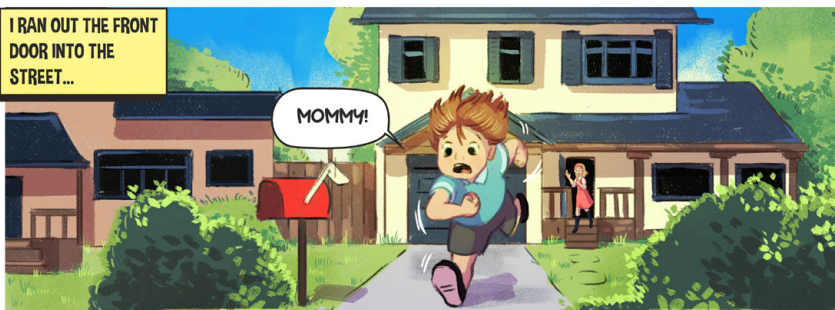


THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO.

I WANT MY MOMMY!!!



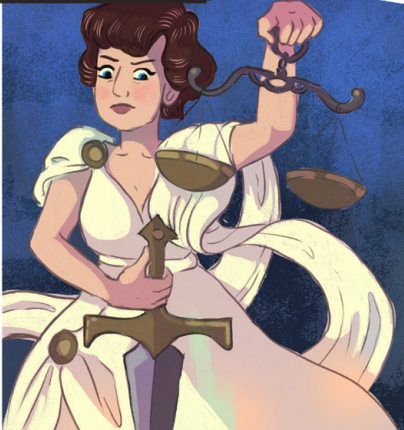
I RAN OUT THE FRONT DOOR INTO THE STREET...



I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ELSE FROM THAT DARK DAY.



DID I TASTE POETIC JUSTICE FOR THE FIRST TIME?



DID I FEEL GUILTY?



DID I FEEL LIKE UNDERDOG WAS DISAPPOINTED IN ME?



OR DID I JUST CURSE THE UNIVERSE?



I CAN'T HONESTLY SAY.

BUT I DO KNOW TWO THINGS.

